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Katharine F. Richmond

Tyngsboro, Massachusetts

CELEBRATION

OF ITS

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

June 27, 28 and 29

1909

Report of the General Committee

Tyngsboro, Massachusetts

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OF ITS

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William Brown, ed-

Report of the General Committee

Names of the Selectmen:

JESSE B. BUTTERFIELD, Chairman

OTIS L. WRIGHT WARREN A. SHERBURNE

Town Clerk:

WILLIAM BLANCHARD

Town Treasurer:

CHARLES P. LITTLEHALE

Rev. James Danforth Otis L. Wright Wallace P. Butterfield

THE GENERAL COMMITTEE

1198624

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTORY.

In the Preface to Stubbs' Constitutional History of England the learned author says, that "The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is." The natural inference from these significant words is, that what we are to be in days to come we are already becoming.

Hence the importance and value to every community of taking special notice of its interesting anniversaries, calling up in memory the history of the past, tracing its connection with the present, as we know it, and gathering such lessons therefrom as may be helpful in producing a new and better future. With these ends in mind, the Anniversary Committee appointed by the Town entered upon their work.

Rightly deeming that its progress in a religious way had a vital relation to its growth along other lines, they fixed upon Sunday, June 27th, for the opening of the Centennial Celebration, and appointed a sub-committee to take charge of the religious services on that day. Their idea was that it should be a Town affair, calling together, as far as possible, representatives of all sects and no sect, to join in one grand religious uplift, without distinction of sect, or creed, or party.

The sub-committee entered upon its somewhat difficult task with zeal and enthusiasm, feeling sure that this was an appropriate beginning for what we all hoped to make a great occasion. Evidently the first thing to do was to secure a suitable preacher, and at its first meeting the unanimous voice was for Rev. Dr. Hale, Chaplain of the United States Senate, whose whole career had shown him to be in active sympathy with all movements of this kind. Although he was obliged to decline

heir i nvitation, it has been thought best, as he has since passed tway, to preserve in permanent form his beautiful letter to the Chairman of the Committee, which runs as follows:

March 20, 1909.

My dear Brown:

I am very much interested in what you write me. But I am truly sorry to say that I cannot do what the Committee so kindly proposes.

I shall have left here (Washington) before that time. But I have made another arrangement which I cannot cancel, for the end of June.

I have many special associations with Tyngsboro. I have thirty fine white pine trees on my place in Rhode Island which were brought to me by our friend, John Stilman Smith, from his land in Tyngsboro. I am sure that you will remember him as you count up your worthies of the last half century. He is a man who loves his neighbor better than himself, and wherever he is, is a prophet of good.

The very name of Tyng carries us back to the best periods of old Massachusetts history.

I hope you will thank your Committee for their invitation, which has gratified me extremely.

Always truly yrs,

Edward E. Hale.

Disappointed though the Committee were, that our distinguished friend was obliged to decline, they were yet encouraged to go forward by the interest expressed by the great man in the effort which we were here making. So, after correspondence with several other gentlemen who expressed a like interest in our efforts, but found it impossible for similar reasons to accept, the Committee finally secured the services of Mr. Fisher, whose able and eloquent sermon on that occasion forms a part of this report.

The other part of the service, according to the prescribed programme, were taken by the Pastors of the two churches, by the Weber Male Quartet of Boston, and by the great congregation which filled the church of the First Parish to overflowing. This was the only church existing within the limits of Tyngsboro at the time of its incorporation in 1809, and so was the appropriate place for holding the Town Centennial Service.

At the end, the hearty greetings of old residents and friends who had gathered from far and near, were especially noticeable, and many were the congratulations extended for the excellence of the programme, and the lofty religious spirit in which it was carried through.

Thus auspiciously opened the celebration of our one hundredth anniversary, and its influence for good upon the religious life of the Town will be felt for many years to come.

With favoring skies the second day of the celebration began, and was carried forward in the "old home" spirit which is so attractive to people whose early life has been spent in country towns. Naturally, much attention was given to the educational facilities of the old times, as compared with the far greater opportunities afforded by the wider outlook of today. The advance has been so marked with the passing years, in all our Massachusetts towns, that we recognize with grateful hearts that enlarged public spirit which moved the fathers of the republic to lay the foundations thereof deep and strong in the increasing intelligence of the children, who were to be the leaders in the life of the coming day.

The excursion up and down the river in the steamer Gov. Allen, which was arranged for the afternoon, was especially enjoyed by all present who cared to take the trip. The decorations of the Town Hall, the Winslow School Building, and the Littlefield Public Library were particularly attractive, and several private residences in the village were similarly adorned. During this and the other evenings of the celebration the town was brilliantly illuminated by a plant that has been set up in the mill of Mr. Flint, who has taken a contract to light the Tyngsboro streets for a year. Across the corner where three ways meet the word WELCOME appeared in the electrical display, which assured the strangers from abroad of the cordial feeling towards those of the old time who had helped to build the foundations strong and sure.

In a similar spirit of good will and hearty fellowship, the programme of the third and last day of the celebration was

carried through. With the enlivening strains of the Waltham Watch Company Band the assembled people were kept in good spirits, and with the bright sunshine and cooler air than that of the previous days, they were all the more ready to take in the points of the brilliant historical address to which they were privileged to listen after the mid-day banquet.

These points were so clearly made, and so fully developed, as to make the whole address not only an interesting souvenir for the people now living, but a mine of substantial value to the historian of the future, and for all our successors a hundred years hence.

All the exercises of the three days' celebration were interesting and valuable. But we call special attention to the eloquent sermon at the Sunday service, which set forth the fundamental principles upon which all true success is built, to the historical address already characterized, and to the interesting statement of Dr. Charles Dutton, who resided here for nearly a quarter of a century. Miss Philena Carkin's reminiscent poem, read at the banquet by Miss Bertha Sherburne, is also deserving of particular mention, as calling attention in a pleasing way to the difference between the old time and the new.

The thanks of the Editor are due to the Committee and other citizens who have aided his efforts to compile a satisfactory report of this great occasion. Special thanks should also be given to Mr. J. Frank Bancroft, who is probably better posted than any other citizen of the town in all matters pertaining to our local history, for his clear and interesting sketch of all the physicians who have resided here, and served the town during the century now ended. Without further introduction, the Editor calls attention to the report in detail, and hopes that the result of his efforts may be satisfactory to all.

William Brown.

ACTION OF THE TOWN AND GENERAL COMMITTEE

The first action by the Town, looking towards a Centennial Celebration, was taken at the Annual Meeting, April 2, 1906. At this meeting it was voted that the Town observe the 100th anniversary of its incorporation in 1909, and that a Committee be appointed by the Chair to take charge of the preliminary arrangements, and report at the next meeting, and that this Committee be authorized to draw from the Treasury a sum not exceeding $25.00 for any expense they may incur.

The Committee appointed were:

Wallace P. Butterfield, Otis L. Wright and James Danforth.

They had the matter under consideration, without formal report, until the Annual Meeting, April 5, 1909, when the Town appropriated $550 (five hundred and fifty dollars) for the use of this Committee. As finally organized Rev. James Danforth became Chairman and Wallace P. Butterfield Secretary.

Chairmen of Sub-Committees appointed:

Addresses of Former Residents—Miss C. Abbie Butterfield.
Sunday Services—Rev. Wm. Brown.
Reception and Invitations—Jesse B. Butterfield.
Banquet—Reuben B. Sherburne.
Ball, Badges and Music—Charles P. Littlehale.
Printing—Wallace P. Butterfield.
Decorations and Sports—Paul O. Kable.
Hospitality—Horatio F. Allen.
Tent—Benjamin B. Lawrence.
Winslow School Alumni Day—Harry L. Littlehale.

Mr. J. Frank Bancroft is also deserving of special mention since, without formal appointment on any Committee, he was ever ready with advice and suggestions as to anything which would be helpful towards the end at which all were aiming.

INVITATIONS

1809–1909

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

June 27, 28 and 29, 1909

In the year 1809 Tyngsborough came forth from the wilderness as an incorporated town. It is therefore fitting that this event should be celebrated at the completion of 100 years, by the home coming of the sons and daughters of this picturesque town, to join in the festivities and renew bygone acquaintances. Preparations have been made to observe this anniversary in a fitting manner and as the success of the celebration depends wholly upon the spirit of loyalty of all former residents of the town, or of those who are interested in its welfare, the invitation is cordially given to you to be present and partake of the viands for both mind and body that await your home coming.

James Danforth,
Otis L. Wright,
Wallace P. Butterfield,
Committee on Arrangements.

GENERAL PROGRAMME

1809–1909.

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE TOWN OF TYNGSBORO, MASS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27TH.

Services at the First Parish Church at 3 o'clock P. M.

MONDAY, JUNE 28TH.

Winslow School Alumni Day. Rededication of Old Winslow School Bell at 11 o'clock A. M. Banquet and Annual Meeting of Alumni at 1.30. Excursion on the Merrimack River. Informal Reception at Town Hall in the evening. French's Orchestra, of Nashua, N. H.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29TH.

Concert in the forenoon by Waltham Watch Company Band. Banquet and Historical Address by James Burrows at 1.30 P. M. Concert in the afternoon, Grand Ball in the evening. Waltham Watch Company Orchestra.

SUNDAY.

The first day of the Celebration, Sunday, was a typical June day, and at three o'clock P. M., large numbers from near and far filled the church of the First Parish to overflowing. No other public religious service was held in Town that day. Apparently, the people came together in the true spirit of the occasion, and seemed to feel that on *this* day, at least, the emphasis should be laid upon points of agreement, rather than of difference. The services were conducted according to the following order, the preacher being assisted by the two local Pastors and the Weber Male Quartet of Boston.

FIRST PARISH CHURCH

PROGRAMME

ORGAN VOLUNTARY
QUARTET—God of Our Fathers
INVOCATION—Rev. B. C. Henry
QUARTET—Sound Over the Waters
HYMN—Tune, Greenville

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own;
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.

RESPONSIVE READING—Psalm 145. Rev. N. S. Hoagland

I will extol thee, O God, my King; and I will bless thy name forever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name forever and ever.

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: He will also hear their cry, and will save them.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

PRAYER—Rev. N. S. Hoagland

QUARTET—The Lord is God

SCRIPTURE READING—Rev. B. C. Henry

HYMN—Tune, Naomi

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:—
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard, while troubles last,
And our eternal home! Amen.

Isaac Watts.

SERMON—Rev. Caleb E. Fisher

QUARTET—Sunset

HYMN—Tune, Webb

God is my strong salvation:—
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:—
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul with courage wait:—
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase,
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

BENEDICTION—Rev. Wm. Brown
POSTLUDE—

Mr. Fisher's sermon which follows, was heard with deep interest by the great congregation. Both the subject and the presentation were well chosen for the occasion.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.—*Rev. XXI—5th and 6th verses.*

The men who have known God are the men of bright vision and hope. The abiding and eternal faith in a Supreme Power has ever made men strong and nations mighty. Rugged faith has accomplished much in the shaping of human events, and in the upbuilding of empires. The thought today—of our Fathers' God—awakens within our hearts a responsive chord, and we hear the sweet bells of memory, bringing to us the thought of the past. When Luther could sing, a mighty fortress is our God; when Cromwell went forth to conquer in the name of the Lord of Hosts; when men could sing with fervor the living words of the Psalms; when the Puritan gave up all to worship God; when our own fathers laid the foundations of religious truth and liberty, it has been proven that their faith in God made these souls brave and courageous, and through Him they became "more than conquerors." We come into this house of God today accepting, and at the same time appreciating the fruits of their labors, and resolving to be true to their best convictions, and we strive to keep alive on the altars of our hearts these truths which are conducive to the best interests of our community, state and government. Naturally on occasions like this we think of the past. One hundred years of life, influence, and memories. What a thought to contemplate. It means more than we can comprehend in a moment. We shall deal mostly today with the religious life and history of the past, its present conditions, and the hope for the future. Yet, we cannot

separate the religious from the secular life. This is particularly true of our New England history. We are apt to separate and make a distinction between the two, but religion has had a large part to play in our civil, secular, and political life. And as time goes on, it will have a still greater influence in forming our ideal life. No one can doubt for a moment, that this powerful factor has accomplished wonders in this community. For here the distinctive influences of New England's religious teaching is easily seen. This is felt today in the gathering together of your churches—in this spirit of harmony and love,—the religious and the secular life so well blended together.

A century of progress. What a meaning in that sentence. The passing of one hundred years, here in Tyngsboro, and letting our minds wander beyond our own domain, into the great world yonder.

We often say, If our fathers were permitted to gaze upon these years of achievement, what would they think. In the world of invention, man's brain has never been at rest. To enumerate what he has done would be an impossibility, and it is not in my line of thought today. But I cannot help noting the work of brain, of genius, and am bewildered as we stand before the altar of invention. We see the spinning wheel giving way to the loom; the candle to the rays of electricity; the coach to the fast express; the foot-stove in the church to the steam plant, but these are only a cipher in the world's progress and development. The lamp of Alladin has been at work, and all things have indeed been made new. I mention these for comparison as I strive to develop the thought of the day.

The idea of God cannot be eliminated from these incarnations of genius on every hand. We come to know God through Nature, Revelation, History, but man stands as the center of all. Through him God becomes known best of all; not only through advance and progress, but in the human soul, where the still small voice is, do we best understand God. Our fathers might wonder that we can talk hundreds of miles apart, their amazement might be unlimited as they saw trains running

through mountains, or messages being transmitted through the ether, yet I am sure, they would feel badly if they felt that the old associations, the old faith, the real affections were dead, that the only assets of our modern life were things material. For they learned "that the things seen are temporal but the things not seen are eternal." The power of God is unlimited, and it will work its way to victory. The revelations of God can never end. Things and events occur daily to give us a new view and idea of God. I have always felt that the religious life of New England was a thing distinct in itself. It has produced a type of character noted everywhere. Whether this religious life is keeping pace with material progress is a much discussed question today. Whether the old type of character, of such strong characteristics, is passing away is a thought that holds us. The passing of Dr. Hale, a perfect illustration of our peculiar type, causes regret in our hearts. Oh, so many come to our mind as we review the history of a century. Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, Howe, Brooks, Beecher, Edwards, all products of the strong theology and religious life of old New England.

It is here that we begin to ask—has the influence of these lives waned? has the religious life broadened and deepened, and kept pace with other lines of thinking, development, and progress? These questions are vital to the welfare of our modern life. They show their worth and vitality by continually coming before us. A material age is very apt to sweep aside all questions pertaining to the religious and spiritual. These conditions may be accounted for. It may be the swinging of the pendulum to the other extreme. With every one in competition in all realms of life, the great strides in the world of invention, the prominent place of education, the vast amount of literature, the many ways and means of amusement and diversion, the value set upon the material things of life, all may help to bring about the apparent apathy to the church, that ought at least to strive and keep alive the altars of faith. I do not say that the church of today is to be the church of our fathers. The church must keep

pace with other methods—methods that are in keeping with present day problems. Perhaps the church does need the strong, rugged faith of the old guard, and then instead of hesitating will enter into the thickest of fight. It must not hesitate to solve social problems that must be settled. And I am convinced that with the right guiding power a new interest may be revived. The only successful church is the church of the living God, and the only church to attract men is where the spirit of Christ is. I am confident that this, or any other community, cannot afford to have its real, true genius and religious life lessened. It has been the corner stone of Nations, and when it crumbles we must beware of consequences.

But we might ask right here, Have we begun to understand the first principles of Christ's teachings? Centuries have gone, yet how far short are we of the mark of the high calling? But I believe that we are working for that end, and when it will have been accomplished, then indeed it will be the Day of the Lord. And so with these thoughts in our minds, we naturally ask then, What has the past contributed to us that we keep alive its memories? What has the other day to offer to treasure alive these things most essential to the welfare of our social and religious life? "Our God and Help in Ages Past" is the beginning, and also the end.

First then we have the sturdy, faithful New England heart still with us. Though dead they speak in no uncertain tone, and their influence is felt when the crisis arises for action. I have faith to believe that when fully alive to the situation, it will still respond to the call to duty.

Then we have their God—but he is also our God. And He is better known than He was to our fathers. In every invention, in all progress which is conducive to good, in life experiences, in the expression of righteousness which men and women have bestowed upon the race, in our ideas of love, charity, peace and good-will which have broadened, seem to bring God nearer to our hearts so that we know Him better than preceding generations have known Him; and if this be true, then our heritage is safe,

and God will still reign. For we have come to believe that God is not simply in Heaven, and all well with the world, but God is in His world now, and ever has been, and will be world without end. We are learning that "the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind." The more human and tender ideas of God that we hold the sooner will be realized the Kingdom of Heaven. Such conceptions of God will eventually find their entrance into human hearts and lives, and so I will show you as I proceed, that God is being felt in many ways as never before.

Then looking back today for other help, I thank God for memory. I am grateful that these events occur,—for it proves without doubt, that the reverence for the things of God never dies in the thoughts of mankind. Reverence is deeper in man's nature than we often suppose, and when we stand upon holy ground we bow with reverent hearts, for here is God. Today on such an occasion as this every heart is filled with thankfulness that God has so constituted us, that we appreciate His goodness in the unbroken line of the past. It becomes to us a memory that keeps alive on the altar of our hearts all that is youthful, tender, and true. I wonder if we appreciate just what memory can do to keep alive our religious life and faith. How God fills our hearts when today we are thinking of the days of the past. The memory of mother, father, brother, sister, and friend. The days when all the world seemed filled with sunshine and gladness, and when they were passed, how we carried them with us, into the world with its cares, and how many times they made the desert places bloom, and brightened many a day for us. And so God keeps alive these things that make life worth living, and He makes Himself known in the lives of men and women who have sacrificed for us. Those who have given the best of themselves—in art, literature, music, science, philosophy, in the heart throbbings of sympathy and love. Then God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, and upon this we base our hopes, and know that God still loves us, for we are the the sheep of His pasture, and the good Shepherd layeth down His life for the sheep. And the beauty of it all is, that no age

has been wholly bereft of the noble men and women, no age without the love songs of sacrifice, not a time but the sweet story of life, just as you and I know it, and feel throbbing in our hearts today. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. Behold I make all things new.

But do we not often question, whether the new is quite as good as the old, if the past does not hold our dearest treasures? If the spirit which made our fathers great has not departed, if things religious have not lost their power? And so I might continue to ask such questions as these, and so in a general way, I am to present to you briefly my answer to these important inquiries.

I appreciate that times change and we change with them. It may be that the charm of the past cannot be the charm of today. I know that the tide ebbs, but it also flows. Every action has its reactions. There are days in the mountain tops, and days in the valleys, and our religious history is no exception to the general rule. The thought that religion can die is the most absurd. Creeds, opinions, and theories of religion may pass away, but religion itself is God-given, and a vital part of our nature. Religious belief must grow. It cannot be confined. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." That will apply to our religious belief, and so what is God-given can never wholly lose its prestige and power. Can we believe that all the good has been swept away in the onward march of progress? We do find an indifference to things religious, and many keep away from the church. It may be in the reshaping of beliefs and the growing process which is now going on, but they are only birth pangs of a nearer and better day. I believe today is the best day in the history of the world. I am convinced that tomorrow will be brighter than today. This is my creed. I believe in God, and His Son. I believe in humanity and believe that things are working for good. I believe God is so great, and that as the ages move man is giving so much proof of his divinity and power, that I cannot doubt for a moment that God is co-operating with man, cannot fail to keep the

sacred treasures of life alive, so that we must face the future with hope and courage.

Let us look at the bright side of this subject. I realize the evil tendencies of the day, but all days have had them. I acknowledge the indifference to the church, and feel it keenly, but other men in the days of the past have also had the same feelings. I know that in many respects it is a very selfish era, but other days have been selfish. There are many temptations, but there are more things to tempt us. There are questions to settle, more than ever, but it is a greater age than ever before. And so we might enumerate the shortcomings of our day, but let us look with faith at our present condition.

I ask first of all, if any age has ever manifested a more beautiful spirit of religious life than this our present day? The conscience is more alert and keen than ever before. Many evil tendencies that were endured and even sanctioned, today are abolished by public sentiment. A Christian is obliged to be a strong, noble, manly, just and charitable man more than ever before. Faith without works is dead. The Christian who does not express his belief does not count in this century. There are more demands made for the Christian's influence. All things are to be made new according to the plan of God and the laws of Christ. God has made such a beautiful world that we must live in harmony with it in order to carry out His designs. I wonder if we are not just beginning to know who Christ was, and what he meant by his teachings? It seems so to me, for the world is growing more humane as time goes on. The master had a dream of brotherhood dim, perhaps, to those who gazed into the sky with Him. But to Him it was a picture as clear as day. It was a conviction, for He knew that not until that dream was realized, could men know the highest and best that God could bestow. Has not this day caught something of that spirit? Can you think for a moment otherwise? Our social life is giving us evidences on every hand that brotherhood is in the hearts and minds of men. A new spirit is being infused into the church; unions, lodges and organizations are working to instill

some of these principles into the lives of men and women. Charity has taken on a new meaning, and instead of a word which means favor alone, it now carries with it the thought of divine right one to the other. The philanthropic spirit passes all understanding. The calls from stricken nations are responded to with an alacrity that astounds us. Hospitals, homes, old age pensions to help and succor mankind. The spirit of sacrifice was never greater, nor were men and women ever more ready to give their lives for the cause of Christ and humanity. Nations rest for a moment in their mad ambitions for more Dreadnaughts, and listen to those who are singing the songs of peace. In His Name—therein lies the secret of it all. In His Name, and the hearts of the world were touched and melted into pity and love. In His Name, the angels of mercy kneel in the battlefield by the side of the wounded. In His Name, the prisons are visited and comfort and peace bestowed. In His Name, hearts with enmity against each other, are reunited. In His Name, the resurrection means life and joy. Oh, the wonderful influence of the name of Christ. I do not wonder at His name—"that every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess" that he is Lord.

> In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea.
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me,
> As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
> While God is marching on.

Our dear Mrs. Howe saw this vision, and it is a battle hymn of the Republic, a republic that must free its men, and labor to make men so live as to cast out prejudice one against the other, to unite all the inharmonies of the world, to abolish caste, for we must realize that God is Father of us all, to rejoice in each others success, because we are brothers, and what concerns me concerns all, to organize the disjointed forces of life, and harmonize them in time with the Infinite.

And another thing that I see in our present day life that cheers and encourages most of us, and that is the spirit of Christian fellowship. It is here today and is growing everywhere,

and it is the only Christian thing to do. It has taken us centuries to know that we belong to God. We have spent so much time quarreling over matters that we can never settle this side of the grave, that we have left out this very essential asset that a true Christian gentleman must possess in the 20th century: a sacred regard for every other Christian's belief. The day for throwing stones at each other has gone. We cannot tolerate the man who will not mingle with his brethren. No church is really Christian that closes its pulpit against a Christian minister of another creed. The power of creeds is rapidly waning, that is, when a Christian is branded a heretic because a creed is not adhered to. I believe in a creed, but when that creed makes me anything but a Christian in its broadest sense, then I repudiate that one, and find one, more in keeping with Christ's ideas. But everywhere is the spirit of unity being manifested. We do not expect to bear one name, but one spirit of love, that the Master taught us. It is not creed, but the life of Christ that is to save the world. And looking back today over the past century, we can rejoice and take heart, that all churches are coming together in the real essentials of belief. We are all spokes in the great wheel of life, and all tending toward the hub, which is love, and Christian fellowship, and so these are a few of the helps that come to our minds today. Believing then that we have made rapid strides in all directions, and with a hope eternal in my heart, I turn finally to a brief glance to the future, and with prophetic vision, record what I believe will, and must be accomplished in the years to come.

Today in the splendor of this summer day, in this village with its interesting traditions and history, with its beautiful situation, and public spirit, with all this in our minds, I wonder if we have not the ideal spot from which to focus our gaze into the future with these living memories, fraught with everything that goes to make up life, so that we may love and cherish it. We know that the things which have made this life so dear will be with us in that day when all things shall be made new. For some of the most beautiful treasurer of life, such as love, friend-

ship, home, are ever new,—for of these virtues we never can tire. For if these sacred ties should pass away there would be no hope, for there would be no motive to live, and God Himself would pass out of existence and out of the world.

First, then, I feel that the religious life and spirit of these fathers in Israel must be kept, and the institutions sacred to them, are to be a trust to us, so that at Christ's coming we shall be found faithful stewards. Home is the foundation of government, and religion is the foundation of them both. Remove God from the Constitution, and religion from our government, and soon we would be plunged into the darkest chaos. And we are realizing this more and more as time goes on, as is proven by the inception of its life into the secular reforms of the day. We are in the midst of a vast movement, of swift transition, and the question is, What, in view of it all should be the attitude of the church? If the church is to hold its place as our fathers had in mind, then we must face the problems that are connected with life. There are many charges against the church, many of them are true to the letter, and this is true, that Christianity must hold to one of the early ideas of the church, viz.: a democratic institution. The New Testament from beginning to end is big with expectancy. It reaches its height in the Book of Revelation, for here men were expecting to see a new heaven and new earth, when all things were to be made new, in the day when their persecution should end. They believed in a better social condition which has to come in a miraculous and sudden way. We today know not the hour when the new shall be complete. But we do know that it will come not at a bound but by degrees. Early Christianity included a great social redemption. The ideal state in the mind of the laborer of that day was different from the mind of the laborer today. Things have to be made new not by votes, politics or arbitrary demands, but by the immediate appearance of the Christ. The church today should stand by every reform that needs to be Christianized. It must protect the home, shield the child, bring peace and good-will between labor and capital, care for the sick, suffering and dying,

work for international peace as the church of Christ must labor. There are many theories outside of the Christian Religion that propose a revolutionized social system as the final goal of human hopes. But many of these theories are believed in because they have never been applied. Life, as one has said, with its mysteries, its splendors and its terrors, would laugh at so poor an attempt to solve its problems. When its energy was expended it would leave the bottom facts of existence untouched. Time would still carry him on its resistless tide, bereavement would smite his heart, death would free him, but the Church, if it appreciates what it may do, for it has the panacea for all evils, would revolutionize the world. For Christ in his dream made provision for every conceivable problem which might arise then and now. Arbitrary methods will not succeed, for it is the rule of love, that must win the day. It takes the world a long time to understand this, but sooner or later it is to be the guiding power of all organizations. The heart of all if fanned by the flame of love will beat in unison with God's plan. If the church is to be as attractive as the saloon, if it is to strike off the shackle from the hands of the child, who, robbed of his childhood, toils in the long weary day in mine and mill, God help the man who is guilty of this! For sooner or later the judgments of God will stand. The very stones will cry out against this outrage. If the church is to do its work, let us remember that where the spirit of God is, there is wisdom, and wisdom, to be justified, must be expressed in our dealings with each other. First of all the Church must stand upon the foundation of Christ. Then we shall know that worship to God means courtesy and love to men.

The church is the guardian of truth, mercy, love, and goodwill. The duty of the church is to see that these higher truths are not forgotten, to keep the church pure, strong, and influential. To make it an institution of prayer, to keep in memory the real worth of prayer. All things will be new when Christ is the guiding force of life. The Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, God. And when the years come and go, and we turn from present scenes to those above, may we feel that we just go right on, and

beyond the smiling and the weeping, beyond the Gates of Paradise, we shall meet those whose memory we have revered today. God bless our Church, our Town, our State and Nation, and may we never depart from the principles which made our Nation a home for the oppressed, and where we can worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience.

Thus ended the first day of the Centennial Celebration, which was entered upon in a spirit of heartiness and sincere devotion by all classes.

WINSLOW SCHOOL

MONDAY.

The second day opened bright and clear. Early in the forenoon the younger men of the Town crossed the old bridge to Kable's field, and witnessed a good game of baseball between two picked nines. These were known as the Professionals and the Amateurs, the former winning by a good margin.

At eleven o'clock came the rededication of the old Winslow school bell. Originally this bell called together the pupils of the school which Madame Winslow endowed. It was cast first for a church in Chelmsford, where it was in use for some time, then sold to a factory in the town, where it called the help to work for many years, and later was purchased for the Winslow School, thus completing the triple service of ringing for worship, for work and for study.

Afterwards, for various reasons, it was relegated to an obscure retirement, and ceased to be used, until some one bethought himself that it would be a good thing to have it brought out, re-hung and dedicated anew to its service in the modern Winslow School, which still draws an income from the fund administered by the Trustees of Harvard College.

Mr. Horatio F. Allen, teacher of the school more than fifty years ago, very properly took charge of the exercises, which were informal, but highly interesting to the large number assembled in front of the school steps. Mr. Allen said that were he a younger man he might depend upon his imagination, or upon the inspiration of the moment, to make an eloquent speech; as it was, he had been obliged to have recourse to the encyclopædia.

"We have met here," he said, "to rededicate the old bell that rang when many of these grandfathers present were school boys." He continued: "Bells are of great antiquity. We have a reference to them in the book of Exodus, 28th Chapter, to the golden bells upon the garments of the high priest. The bell has been used in all ages to express feelings of joy and sorrow, but especially religious feelings. The christian churches first made use of the bell in the year 400. It was a small instrument in the early days, but as the years went on, grew larger. The largest bell ever cast is the great bell of Moscow. Many books have been written upon the subject of the bells. William the Conqueror introduced the curfew bell into England, intending it as a warning to the peasants to put out their fires at night; and the fashion was introduced into America. Many

of you can remember when the village bell rang at noon for the former to go to dinner, and again at nine to warn the loafers at the village store to go home.

"The bell originally was a tube, which later became flaring in shape. The bell sound is made up of five distinct tones. The different emotions brought out by bells are well illustrated in Poe's poem, 'The Bells,' which Miss Helen Hoagland will now recite to us." Miss Hoagland then recited the poem referred to in an interesting manner, and at its close Mr. Allen called upon one of his old boys to come forward and ring the bell. He recalled how in the old days it had rung for the morning session, and the ferry bell had answered, landing a load of children from the other side of the river a few minutes later. He spoke, too, of the pranks of the "grandfathers," who would turn the bell upside down and fill it with water, which would drench the ringer in due time.

"Gustin, come up here and ring the bell again," said Mr. Allen, and Mr. Gustin Cummings, a man full grown these many, many years, came forward and rang the old bell merrily.

This concluded the morning exercises, and an informal reunion followed, until the alumni dinner at 1.30 o'clock, in a large tent on a green near the school grounds. Meanwhile, French's Orchestra enlivened the occasion until the welcome call to dinner. The divine blessing was sought by Rev. T. S. Tyng of Cambridge, a descendant of the old Tyng family, from which the town derives its name. He is an Episcopal clergyman, recently returned from a position of trust and responsibility in Japan, and his presence on this occasion was of special interest.

After dinner the Chairman of the General Committee, Rev. James Danforth, called to order and introduced Mr. Allen, the old teacher, as toastmaster, who creditably filled the position. He spoke of the early school days in the town, days when the district appropriations were as low as $17.00. The man who was elected District Committee man, usually selected his own daughter as teacher, so that there was more or less politics. It took fifty years to abolish the district system, and

introduce the idea of central schools. The first compulsory school law in the state was passed in 1847.

"In my own days of teaching," he continued,"pupils studied about what they wanted to. Boys would study all day upon arithmetic, to the exclusion of other things, and if they didn't like a book they refused to use it."

Rev. B. C. Henry was introduced and told a Cape Cod story. He said that he had been educated in city schools, and none of them had reunions such as the Winslow School was enjoying. He thought that city boys were losers in this respect. "Stand by your country school," he said. "That and the town meeting are the safest corner stones of our national prosperity."

Mr. S. Howard Chace, Superintendent of Schools in the district of which Tyngsboro forms a part, said that he had never been in a town where the local interest in the schools was greater. It was a matter of special comment that the town societies were active in supporting the schools. He had great respect for the little red schoolhouse, but it could not perform the work of the present system. When he first came to the town there was one district school of eight pupils, six of them brothers and sisters of the teacher. To his surprise, he found it one of the best schools he had ever seen, though every pupil was in a different grade.

Col. Geo. A. Bruce, of the 13th N. H. Volunteers, at one time a teacher in the Winslow School, had come down from Mont Vernon, N. H., and spoke briefly. Col. Bruce was at one time prominent in Massachusetts politics. He was a state senator, and was chosen president of the senate. He has always been in demand as an orator, and his addresses are clothed in the best of diction, with an impressive climax. He has a fine war record, having served in some of the important events of the Civil War, and was present at the fall of Richmond, which he describes very vividly. Born at Mont Vernon, N. H. in 1839, he graduated at Dartmouth College in 1861. In his address he said:

"It was in 1859 that I lived here. I came back after an

absence of fifty years, and it makes me sad to relate that after the lapse of the years, there were only two faces which I recognized on sight today. And yet I am deeply indebted to Tyngsboro. I taught here in order to complete my college education, and made many warm friends during my residence. When I came here there were three committee men in charge of the schools. The chairman told me I must teach six full days a week, with no Saturday afternoon vacation. I assume that you have gotten by that idea."

At this point the thunder began to roll up-stream, and the steamboat to whistle down the river; and the two combined were sufficient to bring these interesting reminiscences to a close, though the toastmaster had other speakers upon his list.

With the delightful sail up and down the river for two hours, which large numbers enjoyed, but from which a few were deterred by the threatening clouds, the day's festivities were brought to a close, except that there was an informal reception of the alumni at the Town Hall in the evening, at which several interesting speeches were made by invited guests and others, and important business of the Association of Alumni was transacted which, on account of the threatened storm of the afternoon had been deferred until that time.

TUESDAY.

June 29, the third and last day of our festivities was in some respects the most important. The day was ideal. A cool and refreshing breeze had sprung up, relieving the oppressiveness of the previous days, so that everybody was in the right mood to enjoy the interesting exercises. There were visitors from the surrounding towns, and many distant cities, and the morning was given up chiefly to reunions, the interest centering about the Winslow School building and the Public Library. A decorated bandstand had been erected in front of the school building, and the Waltham Watch Company Band gave a concert at 10

o'clock in the forenoon, during the banquet, and later in the afternoon.

The banquet was served by the D. L. Page Co. at 1.30 in the large tent which had been erected for the celebration, and the tables were well filled at the appointed hour. Rev. B. C. Henry was invited to offer thanks to the Giver of all Good for all his mercies, after which Rev. James Danforth, the Chairman of the General Committee, gave a few words of hearty welcome to the assembled company, which included as invited guests, county officials, selectmen of the neighboring towns, the Mayor of Lowell, members of the Legislature, and many others. He then introduced Mr. Charles Burrows, of New Jersey, a native of the town, as toastmaster.

After a vigorous introduction, in which he dwelt upon the important bearing upon good citizenship of knowing something of the history of the past, and brought out the striking contrast between the experiences of the old times as compared with what we see and hear today, Mr. Burrows called upon the Chairman of the Committee on the Church Service to read a letter of peculiar value which had been received from Rev. Dr. Hale, Chaplain of the United States Senate, who had just died in harness, and who was always so deeply interested in the growth and progress of our country towns. The letter was read, as requested and will be found in full in the Editor's Introductory. The reader explained the circumstances which called out this interesting communication from a man of National reputation, whose whole life was devoted so earnestly to the welfare of his kind. In view of his subsequent departure from these earthly scenes, his words were listened to by the assembled people with pathetic interest.

Mr. James Burrows of Lynn, a brother of the toastmaster, was then introduced as the orator of the day. The toastmaster said, "He has wandered far and wide since leaving Tyngsboro, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and even across the ocean." The orator of the day proved to be a most fascinating and instructive speaker. His eloquent voice filled the big tent in

every part, and the story which he told of the sacrifices made by the early settlers in this little town was full of interest from beginning to end.

Here follows the admirably prepared address.

The historical address:

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow-townsmen of Tyngsboro: It is worth something to me today to know that I first saw the

JAMES BURROWS
The Orator of the Day

light on the banks of the Merrimac river; that the first glimpse I ever had of the sunlight dancing on the ripples of water was on this same old historic stream. It has been my good fortune to become familiar with its waters and banks from the place where it rises on the slopes of Mt. Willey to the scene of its leap

into the arms of old ocean at Newburyport. I have tramped and fished all of its tributaries, and feel that I know it in its every aspect. At least I could say that as long ago as the early 70's before the greed of the lumber kings had almost spoiled the headwaters of this beautiful stream. It was then, as now, my pride that I had been born upon its banks.

Today I am sorry that I cannot claim a birthright here in this old town. I came "so near and yet so far." You may know that the town line on the south runs directly through the Zimri Kidder house, and I had the misfortune to be born on the wrong side, on the Chelmsford side, of that house. This would have been doubly unfortunate if I had performed any deeds of fame or given any evidence of genius—two towns might have been claiming me as a son, just as two cities claim to be the birth-place of Homer. I did pass some happy years of my boyhood and young manhood here and always think of Tyngsboro as my old home. Its sacred soil contains the ashes of many whose name I bear. Schoolmates of mine, here in the far-off 50's, have gone out into the world and made names for themselves or have fallen back into the kindly resting places that nature has provided for all of us. Even if I had not lived in your midst a part of my days, I should still have many ties of interest and affection for this old town, for did not my grandfather settle here, and was not my own father born and raised here, and did he not in every fibre of his being love this soil and the people that sprung from it? Would I not have heard and drank in the folklore of this old place even if fate had denied me a temporary residence here? Most assuredly! I grew up on the wonder tales of Indian warfare and cunning as told to me by my father, who had them from the lips of those who had conversed with the stalwart men of old Dunstable, who had followed the wily savages into the wilds of Maine and New Hampshire in quest of scalps and blood, a quest that would keep these little hamlets along the lower Merrimac free from danger for days and years at a time.

Of course, childlike, I associated every tale of border war-

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fare with the dusky savages along the waters of this old river; so that in later life I had to readjust some of these old tales, and place them where they belonged, beyond the "Father of Waters," the mighty Mississippi, and in the midst of hostile savages, compared with whom the mild and gentle sons of Passaconaway and Wannalancet were as the dove to the eagle, or the lamb to the wolf.

I am admonished that my time is brief and that something must be said of the birth of this old town, which claims to have existed as a town a whole century. That is a long time as things go in this hurrying, bustling nation of ours. I have seen some cities containing 20,000 or 30,000 of inhabitants come up and dwindle into mere hamlets, all inside of a quarter of the time you have nestled here with your town life and happy traditions, all still healthy and still capable of yielding happiness, to those who elect to live here and enjoy a peaceful life.

So the time you have lived is not of so much consequence as how you have lived during that time.

There is such a wealth of material in the pages that have been handed to me by your obliging fellow-townsman, J. Frank Bancroft, that I hardly know of what to speak or what to leave unsaid. The time is all too brief in which to do justice to such a theme. I can only hope to touch here and there just as the summer clouds hover over your smiling landscape, lighting up a bit here and casting a deep shadow over yonder, all going to make up the exquisite picture that we call Tyngsboro, a picture that never fades entirely out of the minds and hearts of the sons and daughters of this old town.

This is an old town, although to those who read that we now celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation as a town, this will not seem venerable by comparison with so many older towns scattered throughout this commonwealth. It is safe to say that nearly all of the land now comprised within the boundaries of Tyngsboro was granted by the general court between the years of 1656 and 1666—that is, eight years before the incorporation of old Dunstable. So you see the footfalls of

your fathers were heard here so long ago that you were a community of some consequence nearly 150 years before you had the honored name you bear today.

Your life as a part of Dunstable lasted 136 years, and if size and magnificent distances were the only things that counted you would have been proud of that connection, for old Dunstable then included a good portion of what is now the state of New Hampshire, and had within its confines, not only Tyngsboro and Dunstable as we know them today, but portions of Townsend, Groton, Pepperell and others in Massachusetts, as well as Hollis, Brookline, Milford, Amherst, Merrimack, Hudson and other towns now in New Hampshire.

All of this vast territory was under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts until the state line was permanently established in 1741. But for many years after that Dunstable was still the name of most of that territory. It seems that the early settlers, misled by the course pursued by the Merrimac for 30 or 40 miles before reaching the ocean, supposed that its general course was east and west, so that when a large grant of land was made by the council of Plymouth its boundaries were stated as a line three miles north of the most northerly part of the Merrimac unto a line three miles south of the Charles, said lines extending from sea to sea, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific. From this absurdly worded grant arose the contention on the part of Massachusetts that her line extended as far north as Lake Winnipesaukee, and in 1652, two commissioners, Captain Symond Willard and Captain Edward Johnson, with some associates, penetrated as far as the lake, and on a rock at the outlet, at a place now well-known as the Wiers, established this boundary and cut their initials on the rock, where they may be seen to this day: "John Endicott, Gov.," and in other places "W. P., E. J., S. W. and J. I," standing for Willard, Johnson and Ince.

Out of all this contention on the part of Mass. Bay Colony to assert rights to such a vast tract and the determined opposition of New Hampshire to a program which would rob her of a fair domain, this little town came near being affected and, as one

might say, came near losing its very name. In 1734 Massachusetts granted a tract of territory bounded on the west by the Merrimac and on the east by a line three miles from that river extending from the north line of Litchfield to the Suncook river, which included portions of what is now Londonderry, Manchester and Hooksett, to Col. William Tyng and others for their services in fighting the Indians. This grant was called Tyngstown, but, as subsequent investigation showed that Massachusetts had no right to grant New Hampshire territory, it was of course void and of no effect. Now had the Tyngstown title been made valid the best you could have hoped to get out of all this would, most likely, have been some such name as Tyngstown Bend.

The progenitor of the Tyngs, who were men of parts in those far-off days, was one Edward Tyng, who came from England in 1635. He settled in or near Boston, and was one of "His Majesty's Council" judge of the court of common pleas, and in military affairs "colonel" and for a short time "major-general" of the forces of Mass. Bay Colony.

In 1660 he purchased of James Parker of Chelmsford a tract of land containing 3000 acres. This was a grant to Chelmsford from the colony and was sold to Parker by the town. It was bounded on the east by the Merrimac river, on the south by Chelmsford, and on the west by Groton, "the wilderness elsewhere surrounding."

Edward Tyng's second son, Jonathan, settled in what is now Tyngsboro. His father deeded to him his land in 1668, and finally came here to live with him, ending his days here in 1681. Col. Jonathan was also a man of parts, holding important positions, both civil and military. He built a house here which you may see today near the Chelmsford line, one that was called in my boyhood days, as it is today, the Drake house. It stands in a commanding position for a frontier outpost and such it really became for many years after Col. Jonathan had built it. During King Philip's war it was the only inhabited house in all the region north of the immediate vicinity of Boston. Here Col. Tyng held his post against the marauding Indians who were

all astir while King Philip held the field. You may judge that he had courage of no common order. Why he elected to move away from his fine old manor house after the peaceful days had come, no one can tell. Possibly he desired to be near Boston as advancing years tried his strength. All we know is, that he did move to Woburn in 1713 and died there during a church service in 1724. Out of a family of 12 children there seemed to be only three alive at the time of Col. Jonathan's death: John, William and Eleazar—all three of them famous Indian fighters and leaders of note in all that pertained to the life of their time.

For more than a century after the settlement of Boston these outlying regions were not safe. He who was obliged to go forth on business or to his daily labor took his life in his hands and went at his peril. In 1723 two men of old Dunstable, Cross and Blanchard, working in the woods, disappeared. Not returning at night suspicion of their probable fate was aroused and a party of 10 resolute men, under command of Ebenezer French, started in search of them. One of the party, Josiah Farwell of the Tyngsboro district, suggested, as a precautionary measure, that they should take a circuitous route and move warily. Capt. French, like the more celebrated Gen. Braddock of George Washington's time, despising not only his dusky foes but the advice he had received, said, "I am going to take the direct path; if any of you are not afraid, follow me." As a result of this headlong pursuit they were fired upon at Thornton's ferry and all except Farwell were killed.

When Lovewell made his expedition against the Pequakets the following year he selected this same Josiah Farwell of our town as his lieutenant. He did this as a tribute to Farwell's well-known prudence and skill in Indian fighting. This petition to the general court will tell their story:

"The humble memorial of John Lovewell, Josiah Farwell, Jonathan Robbins, all of Dunstable, showeth:

"That your petitioners, with nearly 40 or 50 others, are inclinable to range and to keep out in the woods for several

months together, in order to kill and destroy their enemy, Indians, provided they can meet with encouragement suitable. And your petitioners are employed and desired by many others, humbly to propose and submit to your honor's consideration that if such soldiers may be allowed five shillings per day in case they kill an enemy and possess their scalp, they will employ themselves in Indian hunting one whole year; and if within that time they do not kill any, they are content to be allowed nothing for their wages, time, and trouble.

JOHN LOVEWELL,
JOSIAH FARWELL,
JONATHAN ROBBINS,

"Dunstable, November, 1724."

In reply to this petition the objects were approved and a bounty of 100 pounds was voted for each Indian scalp taken by Lovewell's company. That Lovewell's expedition met with disaster, that its leader was slain, and that Governor Dummer despatched an expedition commanded by Col. Eleazar Tyng to succor the living and bury the dead is well set forth in these despatches:

"May it please Your Honor:—

"This day I marched from Amoskeag, having 51 of my own men and 32 of Capt. White's. The men are well and proceeded with a great deal of life and courage. Yesterday I was forced to lie still, by reason of the rain. I would humbly offer something to your honor on behalf of our people who are left destitute and naked, that you would be pleased to consider their circumstances, and order what you shall think proper for their defense till we return.

"I am your honor's

Most ob't servant,

ELEAZAR TYNG.

Amoskeag, May 19th, 1725."

To which Governor Dummer makes prompt response and directs that a Sergeant and 12 men be sent to protect Dunstable; that they be posted at the garrison houses of Joseph Bloghead, Nathaniel Hill, John Taylour and John Lovewell. Col. Tyng's force found the battlefield, but saw no Indians. They found and identified the bodies of Capt. John Lovewell, Ensign Jonathan Woods, Ensign John Harwood and Robert Usher, all of Dunstable, and many others. We can hardly realize the perils and hardships these early settlers underwent before this smiling valley became a safe abode for the white man.

Col. Eleazar Tyng, the last but one bearing the family name, was born in the old Drake house and lived there all of his life. Of his children the males died childless and his daughter, Sarah, married Hon. John Winslow of Boston. Madam Winslow survived the other members of the family and, failing heirs direct, made a relative, Dudley Atkins of Newburyport, her heir, first having his name changed to Dudley Atkins Tyng.

In 1724, at the death of Col. Jonathan Tyng, he bequeathed a portion of his Dunstable land to the son of his brother, William, Judge John Tyng, who comes a little nearer to us as the last of the family bearing that name and as having lived right here in this village. His granddaughter, Elizabeth Pitts, inherited his estate and married "Sir" Robert Brinley, a figure familiar to many now hearing these words. Some one may say: "Why 'Sir' Robert?" and the answer may well be that he bore himself so like one of "nature's noblemen" that the title came to him as one that fitted his personality. It was to Judge John Tyng that this Town owes its peculiar and somewhat distinctive feature of "lease lots," a kind of modern feudalism, in settling his lands. So ends the Tyng chapter in the annals of this old Town.

That Madam Winslow, the daughter of Col. Eleazar Tyng, endowed the church and school here, and that the First Parish of Dunstable, as this part of the town was then called, became the district of Tyngsboro in 1789 is fully established by the records, so that, in some senses, you might well have celebrated

that date as the actual, if not the legal, incorporation of this Town. You then had a population of 382, of whom 17 were colored. In the year 1809 you began your separate town life. From that date your life was as calm and stately, as free from contention or strife as that of the deep, placid river that flowed through your fertile intervales. That river had not then been harnessed nor made to do the work of turning the spindles at the Falls of Pawtucket. It rippled rapidly along by the beautiful island that had once been the cornfield of a mighty sachem, Wannalancet, whom Col. Jonathan Tyng had nourished during the latter part of his life, and whom he finally buried as a Christian Indian on his home farm. It was the same bright river that had borne the heroic Hannah Dustin with her ghastly load of scalps when she came safely home from Pennacook to Haverhill, showing at that early date, April, 1697, that American women had a degree of coolness and courage that made them worthy helpmates of the heroic men of that far off time.

It appears that when this valley was settled the island, a most beautiful spot, belonged to Passaconaway and was an important cornfield and residence of his successor, Wannalancet. Wannalancet's elder brother had become surety for another Indian and was confined in jail in Boston. To secure the money to obtain his release, Wannalancet petitioned for leave to sell the island, and Ensign John Evered, or as he was frequently called, Webb, of Dunstable, became the purchaser in 1659. Webb permitted the poor Indian to plant his corn there for some years, until finally, in 1665, the old Indian wanted to get it back and so petitioned to the general court to grant Webb five hundred acres elsewhere in exchange for the little plantation on the island. Here is the reply, couched in the quaint phraseology of that day:

"In answer to this petition the Court grant Mr. John Evered five hundred acres of land, upon condition hee release his right in an Island in Merrimacke river, called Wicosacke, which was purchased by him of the Indian petitioners; also upon condition Wonalancett do release a former grant to him of an hundred

acres, and the Court do grant said Island to petitioner. John Parker and Jonathan Danforth are appointed to lay out this grant of five hundred acres to John Evered.

EDWARD RAWSON,
Secretary.

"Consented to by the Deputies.
"14 October, 1665."

Wannalancet and his friends continued to occupy and cultivate this land for some years under supervision of Col. Jonathan Tyng and Mr. Robert Parris, his "bayl." This is the same Robert Parris who married the widow of John Cromwell, who is reported to have been the first white settler of this Town.

Cromwell had established a trading post at the mouth of the Souhegan in what is now the town of Merrimac. He was evidently a sharp man of business, the kind of a man who might have stolen railroads in our day, but then he simply stole furs and the redmen detected him. So he made a hasty retreat, dropped down river and settled this town. I am glad to say that he left no descendants here, and not even the power of his example.

We may well suppose that the descendants of these Tyngsboro farmers, who kept the turbulent redmen in wholesome awe when the mighty Paugus was no mean foe, were men who would hear the sound of the liberty bells that rang out all over old Middlesex county when Paul Revere saw the lanterns in the belfry of the Old North church. The men of this old town not only heard those bells, but made prompt response. There was a hasty leave-taking on the part of those who left wives and children as they buckled on their belts and slung the old powder-horns over their shoulders and then were off down the road that led to Boston. Twenty-six men from this town, led by Capt. Leonard Butterfield, and accompanied by Capt. Ebenezer Bancroft, who was soon destined to lead them as commander on account of the illness of Capt. Butterfield. It reads like an epic, this account of that night march and the fight these men made

at Arlington. All of these men fought at Bunker Hill, not in some legendary position, but in the square redoubt, under the eyes of stout Col. Prescott, and in the most important position to be found that day. It is simply delicious reading,—this account of the part these men took in that first real battle of the war for independence. Capt. Ebenezer had fought in the colonial wars and knew a little about the use of artillery, so Col. Prescott placed him in charge of the two ships' guns which they had at Bunker Hill. These guns he endeavored to place in position, but did not succeed in making any use of them against the British, unless the moral effect may be counted. He fired two shots from them, which landed in Boston. I have seen in the citadel at Quebec one of those captured cannon, and no son of this old town could fail to be deeply moved at the sight of that old trophy that had once been handled by the redoubtable Capt. Ebenezer Bancroft. Capt. Bancroft tells enough to show that not all of the men assembled there that day had quite found themselves. Some did not quite know how they might stand up before the trained soldiers of King George. So when Gen. Putnam, seeing a lot of shovels and picks lying all about, thought, like a prudent home-made sort of general, that it would be a pity to let the British capture these, even if they took the redoubt, he ordered the men to carry all these tools back to a place of safety. Then Capt. Bancroft observed that hundreds volunteered,—that men seized a single small pick and started to the rear. If there had been enough picks and shovels to supply an excuse all of the men might have gone, so important did this duty seem at that time. There may have been some excuse, as those tools were not exactly public property. There was no "Uncle Sam" at that time to pay for all the losses incurred in battle. However, all of those men did not go, and Capt. Bancroft does not accuse any of his men of deserting the post of honor that day. He assuredly did not go, but stuck to that breastwork until he had fired 27 times and found nearly all of the provincials fleeing for safety. He, being a tall, active man, ran through the ranks of the British, knocking men right and

left, until he gained the breastwork at the rear of the redoubt. Mounting this, he actually jumped down upon the heads of the crowd of redcoats and, luckily, did not fall to the ground. He tells of the last man he passed, who, he fancied, might shoot him in the back, so he just gave him a blow on the throat with the side of his hand, which effectually disconcerted the soldier so that he could not fire until the bold and resourceful captain had passed to the rear in safety, or, at least, with no further harm than the loss of one finger. Such a man as that could not stay at home and till his acres while that war lasted. No, he remained in the service of his country until the close of the war and reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

On the 20th of last May the president of the United States made a journey to Charlotte, N. C., and spoke at the 134th anniversary of what they call the "Mecklenburg County Declaration of Independence." There seems to be, in the minds of many men, grave doubts about the truth of the declaration,—some contend that no such declaration ever took place at Charlotte. If we really need a double celebration of the immortal event it might well take place right here, for on the 8th of June, 1776, nearly a month before old Liberty Bell rang out the glad tidings at Philadelphia, old Dunstable, in town meeting assembled, unanimously adopted resolutions framed by Col. Bancroft, Capt. Reuben Butterfield and Timothy Reed, urging the Continental Congress to declare for absolute independence from the crown of Great Britain. This was signed by Josiah Blodgett, town clerk, and duly entered in the records of the town. Possibly other towns may have done the same thing, but the interesting fact remains that this town did do it and so left tangible proof of what manner of men it was composed. No wonder that 48 men from old Dunstable stood on Bunker Hill with Prescott, nor that 26 of them probably lived within the limits of this town of Tyngsboro.

We need not wonder that a tree planted by Col. Bancroft in this old town 133 years ago next Sunday and saluted by him then with 13 shots from his old Revolutionary musket, still

stands, a mighty tree, but not so mighty as the action of the grand old man who planted it. Long after this tree has gone the way of all trees the deeds of the fathers of our nation will still shine as shines the blessed sun in the heavens above us.

A few words relating to the "lease lots" of old Judge Tyng may not be out of place here. I cannot throw much light upon the Judge Tyng leases as they had all lapsed before my time, but this I know, that in 1792 my grandfather, who had been a soldier in the war for independence, came to this town and bought one of those leases consisting of 50 acres in that part of the town then called Tyng's Woods. He built a house there and cleared the farm. It was rather rocky, but fertile. I can recall as many as eight of these old lease lots when I came to this town in 1856 and on four of them the houses were still standing and fit for occupancy. I had the melancholy duty of assisting in the demolition of one, that on the old Fletcher lot, and reducing it to firewood. I remember the tough, hard oaken beams and the wrought iron, handmade nails and spikes that my axe so often found. It was a question in my mind which was the harder task, that of cutting up this old timber, or of reducing the old mulberry trees that lined the walls of the adjoining farm. It seems that an attempt at silk worm culture had been made by Capt. Samuel Blodgett, an early lease-holder, and these trees had been planted to feed the worms. The deep closets containing sets of drawers extending from floor to ceiling still remained in the old Blodgett house, although utilized for other purposes than the abode of silk worms. I fancy that there were not enough nimble fingers in a family, even in those old days, to make silk worm culture profitable. It only serves to show that our old settlers made some efforts to diversify the crops raised on their farms.

There were in those days some fragments of the old Sewell house still to be seen, while the Captain Samuel Blodgett, Forest Hill, Frederick place, and old original Burrows place where my uncle, Josiah Carkin, then lived were still kept up and furnished a good living for those who tilled the land. In some senses

these farms and their occupants were not unlike the yeoman tenantry of Great Britain. The lack of any law of entail and the short term of the leases mark the principal difference. In Vaynol, Wales, the ancestral home of Charles Assheton Smith, which has been in the possession of his family for seven centuries, there are eight families of yeomen farmers who have rented the same farms without interruption for 500 years.

I lived three happy years on the Captain Samuel Blodgett place, then the home of David K. Glover, and I there had such a noble view of all the intervening country between that farm and the distant mountains that I always felt a kind of pity for you cooped up in the valley of the Merrimac. I knew that I was never quite at ease when I came down here of a Sunday to attend church and Sunday School, although it may have been due to the restraints of my "go-to-meeting" clothes, particularly the shoes, for I know that I kicked them off the moment I reached home, and felt all right until the next Sunday came around. I thought, in those days, and I still think, that there never were any apples of quite so fine a flavor as those that grew in old Tyngsboro. I have since eaten of that fruit in all of the states that go to make up this Union, but have never found any that equalled those of my boyhood. If I do get a particularly fine apple, my mind goes back to those old days, and the best I can say about it is that it reminds me just a little, of the apples I had on the old farm.

Apples are still in great demand—not only in the United States, but across the ocean as well. I sometimes wonder if these old "lease lots," now mostly given up to woodland, might not still be made to yield bountiful crops of that exquisite fruit, for which they were so celebrated.

I recall that on the old Carkin place in the fifties the peaches were so fine and so abundant that I have never seen a yield that surpassed it.

Perhaps if one seeks to find a reason why so many of these old farms have ceased to be deemed adequate for the support

of families, it may be found in the changed conditions of life on the part of our people.

Then it was, indeed, the simple life that they led. Their wants were few and with the exception of tea, coffee, sugar and spices the soil supplied those wants. A glance at a paper written by one of the dear old mothers of this town, Mrs. Harriet Butterfield Littlehale, when she had reached the age of 93, will throw much light on the mode of life in the early days. This old lady was born on Easter Sunday, April 13, 1800, and lived to such a good old age that she may be said to have lived in three centuries.

She tells us that in 1800 this town was a very flourishing place, that it contained three stores that kept all kinds of goods. There was a tavern, a tanner, a tailor, a carpenter, a cooper, wheelright, hatter, harness maker and saddler, two shoemakers and a blacksmith shop, a grist, carding, and two saw mills, a tan house, bark mill, tan yard, currier's shop and a whip shop.

Surely there were diversified industries for any small community. She says her father owned a large farm extended from Mud Pond to the Merrimac river. He had a large family and she adds these significant words : "We children enjoyed our home." No hint here that she had yearned for any so-called larger life, such as people seek in noisy cities. The farm yielded all the materials needed for that simple life, and the people on the farm, men, women and children, worked to the end that they were fed and clothed from the products of the farm. Adam delved and Eve spun, just as truly as our first parents did when they left the garden of Eden. The house was built with a large chimney and had large fireplaces in it—andirons to lay the large backstick and smaller foresticks on,—a crane with its rows of hooks and trammels; a gridiron, spider, bake kettle and skillet for cooking over the coals. She says: "Our meals were taken up on pewter platters and we ate from pewter plates and took our pudding and milk out of pewter porringers with pewter spoons. We had mugs and pitchers to drink from at table and passed them around.

Milk and water pails were made from basswood. Brooms were peeled birch, ash or branches of sweet fern. On wash-days we hung our clothes on bushes or fences—no clothes lines or pins were needed. The lights were tallow candles lighted by blowing a coal at the fireplace,—no matches. The children wore cow-hide shoes, home-made. Clothes were fastened with pins, strings and tape." (The first hook and eye she ever saw was in 1814.) "At school we made our own copy books from sheets of paper, we also made our ink, and the teacher made the pens from goose quills. The scholars would make their manners going in and out of school. If we met a person on the road we would do the same. While out of doors or at play and anyone passed by, we would stand on the bank each side of the road and make our manners and the person passing would make his." (Evidently people were civil to each other in those days.) "In 1811 the turnpike was built and a tollhouse built opposite the island. Toll was paid for 15 or 20 years. My Uncle Richardston tended the ferry where the Central bridge is in Lowell. The boat was pulled across by a chain. After the bridge was built the boat was sent up to Tyngsboro ferry. In 1812 Joseph Queen brought a monkey from Boston to his sister—this was the first one ever seen in Tyngsboro. During the summer of 1813 Wicasse locks were built in the Island brook. A bridge was built across the brook the same year but was soon carried away by a freshet. I remember a number of revolutionary soldiers and a few slaves. I remember three wars, those of 1812, 1847 and 1861."

(She also lived to know of the war with Spain.)

"In 1816 the road from Flint's Corner to town was built, and in 1818, the road from the river to Tyng's Pond. In 1821 the first elephant that came to town was put up at the tavern at the Bend."

These are some of the things this dear old lady tells us about the early life of this town, things that we all like to hear. If time permitted, all that she thus set down would have been more worthy of recital than any poor words that I can speak.

It is fair to suppose that with better roads, bridges and the railroads, the inclination on the part of the young men of this town to "go West" has been lessened, and thus we find many of the old names identified with the early days of the town, are still on the roll of citizens now residing here.

Tyngsboro has always made noble response to any call for soldiers, either for town, state or nation. Her Farwells and Tyngs were identified with the Indian wars, just as her Bancrofts, Coburns, Littlehales, Kendalls, Butterfields, Danforths and others were identified with the revolutionary struggle. In fact in all of the wars where just men felt that they could fight, the sons of this town have not been found wanting. You might well expect to find on the muster rolls of the great Civil War the full quota required from this town. Fifty-eight men who had either been born on this soil, or had lived here previous to that war, entered the service, and many of them laid down their lives in what we may reasonably hope was the last great war in which this nation may be involved.

It is with no small degree of pride that I am able to say that I also served as a part of the quota of this town, that my brother and three of my cousins formed a part of the number you contributed for that great struggle. My three cousins gave up their lives that this nation might live. This is a sample of what happened in one family, and, as a result of all this, you are now a part of the mightiest nation on the globe. You need not dwell with sadness upon your losses, for the grand result was well worth the sacrifice.

From your favored situation between two growing, populous cities, it is fair to suppose that the Tyngsboro of the future will be much more largely inhabited than the Tyngsboro of the present. That it will grow rich in civic virtues as well as in material interests, is not only the hope, but the faith of the sons and daughters here today. It could not well be otherwise, with a community so blessed with worthy traditions. We, standing on the threshold of your second century of life, are glad to see what we now see, are still more glad to have been a part of your noble past.

All of us will have been gathered to the resting places of our fathers long before the cycle rounds again. We can go with the fullest faith in the bright future of this dear old town. It has been a beautiful place in which to live any time during the past 100 years. It will be a better place for those who are to live here during the 100 years yet to come.

It is safe to prophesy that when some one else stands here 100 years hence, to tell the story of this town from 1909 to 2009, he or she, as the case may be, will confirm, not only my words, but all of our hopes. It rests with us today, standing partly in the shadow of the century that has passed, and partly within the light of the century that is to come, to say to the one, Hail! and to the other, Farewell!

The following poem written for the occasion by Miss Philena Carkin, of Concord, a native of the town, was then read by Miss Bertha Sherburne:

TYNGSBORO—1809, 1909.

Dear native town, a vision fair
To travelers passing through,
Proudly a century's crown you wear
And proudly greet a new.
Changes have come with passing years
In travel, school and mart,
In church, society and home,
In literature and art;
No change can dim the sunlight glow
That smiled one hundred years ago.

The Merrimac from northern lake
Comes swiftly flowing south,
With graceful curve salutes the town,
Then seeks its eastern mouth.
With murmurs low and soft, it laves
Our shores on either side,
The sunlight gilds its rippling waves
As swiftly on they glide,
And evermore they dance and glow
Just as one hundred years ago.

Some ancient, honored names are borne
By citizens today,
And some old homes still well preserved
From natural decay;
These bring traditions of the past
To greet the present hour,
A subtle thread that binds the years,
A gentle mystic power;
And over all we see the glow
They saw one hundred years ago.

But change has come, even to our name,
As years have passed away,
'Tis short now by letters three
No U G H today.
More prudent than our fathers were,
We save both time and space
And simplify the children's task
In education's race;
'Tis all the same though clipped to O
That was one hundred years ago.

Long years before a bridge had spanned
The river in its pride,
A ferry boat the hosts conveyed
That crossed from side to side,
On Sunday when the church bell called
To sermon, song and prayer,
The well filled boat would glide across
And land its burden there;
That good old boat passed to and fro
Some less than fifty years ago.

The whistle of the railway train
Invades this sylvan place,
The trolley hums along its rails,
The auto's in the race
With rumble, roar and piping horn,
The modern coach makes gay,
The lumbering stage our fathers used
Long since has passed away;
But old time ways, that seem so slow,
Were swift one hundred years ago.

The church where Lawrence preached the word,
Tho' changed in creed and name,
Still hospitable ope's its doors
To welcome all the same;
The Winslow schoolhouse in the rear,
Once thronged by young and gay,
No longer echoes song and cheer,
For it has passed away;
But church and school in wisdom grow,
Just as one hundred years ago.

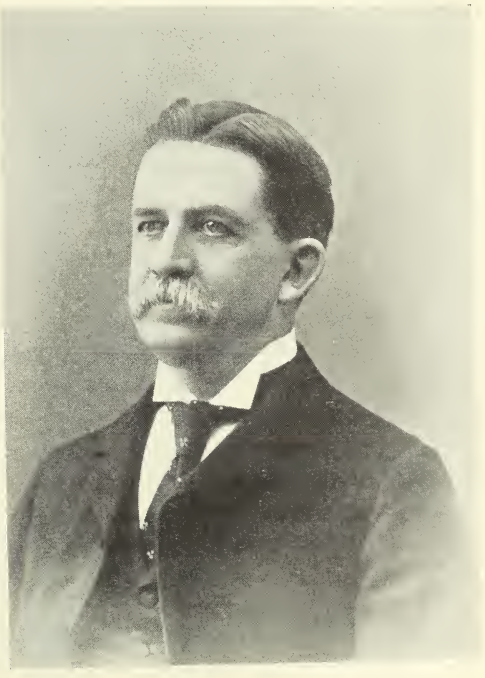
The tything man has passed away,
No more we dread his power,
But "boards of health" are here to stay,
And rule the present hour.
We fear no lurking foeman now,
No beasts that prowl at night,
The gypsy and the brown tail moths
Are foes we have to fight;
Thrice happy they, who did not know
These pests one hundred years ago.

The world moves on at rapid pace,
With science at the wheel,
And learned teachers every day
Some hidden powers reveal.
Telepathy its message sends
Along the mystic way,
And psycho-Therapeutic cures
No doctor can gainsay;
They'd said 'twas sacrilege to know
Such things one hundred years ago.

We're proud of those who built, of old,
Their first rude cabins here,
We like to say "My great-great-grand-
Helped all this land to clear."
But tho' with gratitude sincere
Each loyal heart must thrill,
For what we've done in later years
Perhaps we're prouder still;
And now the old town claims your cheers
In honor of its hundred years.

Dr. Charles Dutton of Wakefield, for many years the physician in Tyngsboro was introduced as one to whose efforts were largely due the construction of the bridge across the river. He spoke as follows:

"For nearly a quarter of a century my home was in this town, and a hustling place it was, always something doing.



DR. CHARLES DUTTON
of Wakefield

"The Evangelical church was organized, and the church building erected in 1868. Consolidation of the seven schools having from three to 20 pupils each, was being considered.

"Among the business activities were Littlehale's well appointed store, Butterfield's woolen mills, H. A. Washburn's

brush factory, J. G. Upton's saw mill and box shop, Brinley & James' box factory employing 60 hands, and where the locker, now in general use for putting boxes together without nails, was invented by Mr. James. The establishment of E. O. Fifield, where packing boxes of all kinds received attention, but more especially confectionery boxes with ingeniously hinged lid, the result of Mr. Fifield's thoughtful and inventive mind.

"The old chain ferry, that at an annual cost of about $600, furnished means for crossing the river about eight months during the year, while a part of the remaining four, you could perhaps cross upon the ice, but for a time, both spring and fall, no team could make the trip, and a man was not always sure of doing so, because of thin or floating ice, log drives or high water, and if obliged to get over, he must drive via Lowell or Nashua or go farther up the river to near Horse Shoe bend and get Ed. Frost to act as Charon. I have made the trip with him when he pushed his boat into the water, paddled to anchored ice, dragged the boat over that, launched it again, then pulled for the shore.

"The citizens had become tired and sick of this means of public conveyance, and in 1870 every resident of the town, not a single exception, their number increased to 1400 by residents of neighboring towns, petitioned the legislature for a bridge, and an act was passed that authorized and required the county commissioners of Middlesex county to construct a bridge across the Merrimac river at Tyngsboro, within two years.

"While the county commissioners had no option in the matter, yet they refused to obey the mandate of the state until a bond was furnished for expense of investigation. Repeated hearings to determine location, unfortunate contracts, and the carrying away of the partially constructed work by high water, delayed its completion until 1874.

"The town was then assessed $14,000 cash and to forever maintain and keep the bridge in repair. This excessive burden the town courageously assumed, and carried until 1883 when it appointed a committee to petition the legislature for relief. Strenuous opposition was met from the eastern and remote parts

of the county, and from the county commissioners, but the result was an act that released and exempted the town of Tyngsboro from all obligations to maintain the bridge.

"While the bridge has been of great material benefit to the town, yet it is not to be compared with the educational advances. Up to the time of the consolidation of its schools, the number of liberally educated natives of the town was limited. Today with your well equipped public library, well graded and organized schools, your children have honors conferred upon them by Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley, Smith, Simmons, Dartmouth, Harvard, Tech, Brown, Normal Art, and other institutions of higher education, and they have been called to positions of trust and emolument, and are today serving as teachers, librarians, secretaries and in the professions. And all this, the result of united effort."

In connection with Dr. Dutton's address Mr. J. Frank Bancroft has, by request of the Editor, prepared a sketch of all the doctors who have served the people here during the century now ended. This sketch now follows:

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

Perhaps no more interesting chapter in the town's history could be written than that which would tell of the doctors who have served it during the past one hundred years.

We have gathered a few facts concerning the "country doctors," who in their day and generation have done as great a service to Tyngsboro and the territory beyond, as any single class of men in its entire history.

The town has had as a rule but one doctor at a time. Upon him has devolved the welfare of a sparsely settled community, and his service has always been performed from higher motives than mere monetary reward. Often he has risked his own health—more than once his own life, in the dead of winter, and yet there is no record of a Tyngsboro physician ever having failed in his duty.

The Merrimac river dividing the town as it does, proved a serious obstacle to the doctors for many years, and when in flood, or unsafe ice, has entailed many long rides by the way of Lowell.

Dr. Calvin Thomas, the first physician of the town, came here from Chesterfield, N. H. in 1791. He was elected a fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1806 and received the degree of M. D. from Harvard University in 1824.

He was actively engaged in his profession here until his death in 1851, aged 86 years. That the river was an obstacle, though not insurmountable, is shown by the following extract from his diary:—"Dec. 22, 1849. This day I am 84 years old and crossed the Merrimac river in a canoe, walked one mile to visit a patient."

He was also a Justice of the Peace, and often held court in the town. He was the last tenant of the "Haunted House," —living there until he purchased the house now owned by Mrs. Annie Andrews.

Dr. Augustus Peirce, a contemporary with Dr. Thomas was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1820. At the request of the latter he made his home in Tyngsboro, where he died in 1849, aged 49 years. It is said of him, "In college he was the wit of his class and considerable of a poet. He was a man of quick perceptions, agreeable manners, and of a cast of mind admirably adapted to the practice of his profession." Aside from his professional duties he was deeply interested in the public school question, and we may say that except for him and his influence, there would have been no Winslow School in Tyngsboro today.

His son, Augustus F. Peirce, succeeded to his practice at the age of 21 years, and carried it successfully until his own death in 1855, when he was only 28 years old. Typhoid fever is assigned as the cause of his death.

Edward A. Perkins had an enviable reputation in Tyngsboro and neighboring towns for seven years when he removed to Boston, where he died at the age of 72 years.

Dr. Charles G. A. Eayrs, a war veteran, surgeon of a Massachusetts Regiment in North Carolina, after practicing in the town four years, relinquished his profession for, to him the more congenial one of dentistry, in Nashua, N. H. Later he removed to Boston where he died in 1897.

He was succeeded by Dr. Charles Dutton in 1868 who practiced here until 1891 when he removed to Wakefield, Mass., where he is still engaged in his profession.

His medical training was under the guidance of Dr. Amasa Howard of Chelmsford. Although the earlier physicians had included the neighboring towns in their circuit, we think none had ever had his extensive border practice, for, as he was a member of Dr. Howard's family for several years, he brought a broad acquaintance in Chelmsford and its neighboring towns, and he numbered many patients among these.

While his large practice absorbed the most of his time and energy, he still found time to work for the good of the town in many other ways.

Many of our more noticeable improvements during his residence here were due, in a great measure, to his influence and public spirit. The Bridge across the river, the introduction of the Telephone, and the grading of the Public Schools, might be mentioned as some of the results of his labors.

Dr. Granville A. Harlow of Canton, Me., succeeded Dr. Dutton in 1891, and quickly won the confidence of the people. He enjoyed a large practice, assuming a large part of the territory covered by Dr. Dutton, until his untimely death in 1908, when only 50 years of age. He also was a public spirited man, holding offices requiring mature judgment and foresight. He was president of the Village Improvement Society, in which he took great interest, and was a member of its Executive Committee several years. As a member of the Middlesex Medical Society he contributed many valuable papers.

He was succeeded by Dr. Fred D. Lambert of Lowell, a young physician well equipped by education and training to succeed to the responsibilities of the position.

County Commissioner Richardson, a resident of the town fifty years ago, spoke briefly and pleasantly. The toastmaster had asked that all speakers now called upon be short, and Mr. Richardson replied that he was six feet two and a half.

Mayor Brown spoke briefly for Lowell. He said: "She wishes you another century of prosperity. She thinks well of you. I do not believe there is a more beautiful spot in New England than where we are assembled today. In the future I think Tyngsboro will become Lowell. We are doing things this year, we are reaching out and likely to grow in this direction. I didn't expect to make a speech today, and I don't know that I have earned my dinner, but I hope that sometime in the future, when I have learned something more about politics, and been educated along the lines of the toastmaster, or at least have added a few years to my age, to be able to do as well as he has done."

Dexter Butterfield responded for Dunstable, and said that he was proud to have gone to school in Tyngsboro, in the building that is now Mr. Flint's barn. He recalled a humorous incident of his school days.

Selectman Kendall of Dunstable also responded for that town, and said: "I note that in your invitations you say that Tyngsboro came out of the wilderness one hundred years ago. That is where I am come from,—the wilderness of Dunstable; and I expect that my invitation to be here today was due to a desire to see one more specimen of a fast disappearing species."

Rev. Mr. Brooks of Wellesley, the first pastor of the Evangelical Church in Tyngsboro, recalling the effort to have the bridge constructed, said that the movement was relatively as great as that which had preceded the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge. He told of a great freshet in the river when the ticket agent sold railroad tickets up in a tree. Speaking more seriously, he paid a tribute to the spirit of New England as exemplified by the town.

Rev. N. S. Hoagland, of the First Parish Church, said that he was a native of the broad West, but that he could enter into the very spirit of this New England hill town. He said that

he was born in a log cabin, and always felt a certain diffidence in speaking before an audience that had come from the homes of New England culture. He closed his remarks with an original poem, filled with loyal sentiment and good thought, which was published later in the Courier-Citizen, of Lowell.

The closing speech was gracefully given by Solon W. Stevens, Esq., of Lowell. He said that there was a theme for splendid thought in the addresses of the afternoon; and referring to a century ago, he recalled how the gossip of that day had been of Robert Fulton's steamboat, and the arrest of Aaron Burr. In religious matters the clergymen of those days preached for two hours on eternal punishment, while the congregation shivered over the foot-stoves. And yet, Sunday was then a holy day, while now it is a holiday.

It was nearly five o'clock when the exercises came to an end with the singing of "America." The third band concert of the day was then given.

The closing scenes of the celebration occurred in the Town Hall, and were so attractive that young and old, not merely from the town itself, but from a distance, were drawn thither in the evening. The hall itself was a blaze of light and glory, and this, together with the gay attire of the women, had a splendid effect. The red, white, and blue colors everywhere appeared, and these, combined with the electric lights, just introduced into the town, were a source of great delight to the great company assembled as participants in the Grand Centennial Ball, which had been arranged for the occasion, or as spectators of the brilliant scene. It was an event long to be remembered by Tyngsboro people. The affair opened with a concert by the orchestra of the Waltham Band, which had furnished music for the celebration during the day.

The dance order contained twenty numbers with four extras. The order itself was a very pretty affair, and had on the front cover a picture of the Town Hall and part of the Com-

mon. The music for the occasion was all that could be desired, and it was emphatically a *nice* party, heartily enjoyed by all present, whether as participants or spectators.

The hall itself, which has been the centre of so much interest during the celebration, was originally a church, and was occupied as such by the Society of Baptists for many years. Upon the dissolution of that Society in 1864, the building passed into the

THE TOWN HALL

hands of the town, the lower part being used for Town Hall purposes, and the upper part by the Winslow School.

About twenty years ago the question of better school accommodations and of improved facilities at the Town Hall began to be agitated, and after much thought and discussion, the conclusion was reached that a new school building should be erected on the lot where it now stands, and that the Town Hall should be so changed that the lower part should be used

for a dining hall and selectmen's room, and the upper part for large public gatherings, town meetings, lectures, entertainments, etc. The renovated hall, which was practically new in all its parts, was dedicated early in the year 1893, and the new Winslow School building began to be used somewhat later. One of the rooms in the school building was set apart for the Public Library, where it remained for some years, until the room was needed for school purposes. Then a portion of the lower Town Hall was occupied by the Library, where it remained until the building of the Littlefield Library, to which it was removed in the summer of 1905.

These several changes have been a source of great convenience to the people of the town, and have added greatly to the attractiveness of the place to strangers passing through. A few years since, the hall narrowly escaped destruction by fire through the accidental falling of a chandelier, but was fortunately saved by quick work with fire extinguishers provided by the town and the damage done was promptly and satisfactorily repaired by the Insurance Company. Since then several other improvements have been made, thus rendering it a very attractive place in itself, for the purposes for which it was designed. When we add to this the special decorations of Centennial Week, the scene of festivity and beauty at the Grand Ball, on the evening of the third day, may well be fixed in the memory of all who witnessed it, as a very joyous and happy experience.

The dancing closed at a seasonable hour, and thus ended a most stimulating and enjoyable commemoration of the first century in our history. May the second century upon which we have now entered, show that the people who dwell within the limits of the town are progressive and helpful in all good ways.

From a very early period in the history of the town there was manifested much interest in good literature. This showed itself from time to time in the formation of Private and School District Libraries, like those which were so common in the

country towns of Massachusetts previous to the year 1850. But not until the year 1878 was an arrangement made by which these smaller libraries could be consolidated and come under the control of the town, with the understanding that all the people should, under suitable regulations, enjoy the free use thereof. At the annual meeting of the latter year the arrangement was completed, and a board of six directors chosen, on the plan of having the term of one-third of them expire each

LITTLEFIELD LIBRARY

year, and having the regular vacancies filled at the Annual Town Meeting, by the choice of two directors for three years.

Substantially the same arrangement continues to this day, the only changes of importance being that the directors are now called Trustees, and are authorized by the Town to choose a Treasurer from their own number. The Library gradually increased in size and value, until it became important to have it cared for in a building by itself. Appreciating its needs, Mrs. Lucy Littlefield made provision in her will for a building

of brick or stone, with an addition of about $4,000, the income of which should be used exclusively for the purchase of books. In honor of her late husband, she requested that the building should be called the Littlefield Library. The fund became available in 1904, and the town was so pleased with the liberal bequest that, without opposition, $2,500 was added to the $5,000 given for the building, so as to insure a structure which would meet the needs for many years to come. On the completion of the building in 1905, it was dedicated with appropriate exercises in September of that year, the principal address being given by Solon W. Stevens, Esq., of Lowell. During the late Centennial Celebration the Library was visited by large numbers, and was much admired for its simplicity and beauty. A guest book was provided, which contains the autographs of many visitors, and will be kept at the Library, that future visitors may leave their names and addresses. In all these various ways the people of the town have shown a liberal and progressive spirit, which augurs well for their prosperity and success in the uncertain experiences of the future.

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